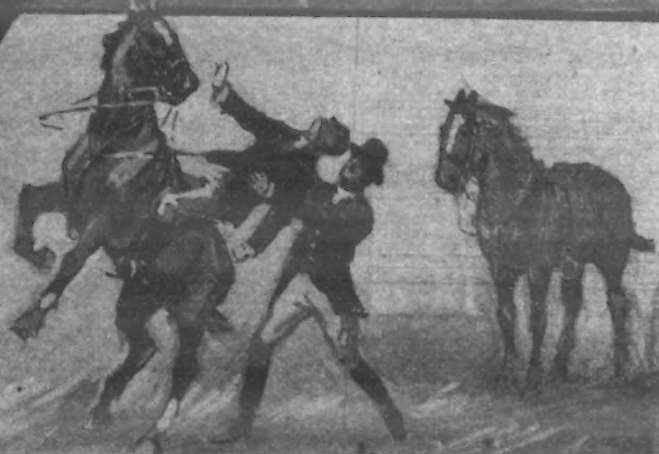


ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

SHOT IN THE HUNTING FIELD



A FRIEND'S DEVOTION

Mr. Robert Francis Connal Spens, whose age was only fifteen, met his death under tragic circumstances a few days ago. He was riding with the Ripley and Knaphill Harriers, a mist prevailing at the time, a fox leading them over Romping Down, when the fatal accident occurred. Apparently it had been forgotten that the Ash Ranges, occupied every day by men of the Aldershot Army Corps, were in the vicinity, but the whizzing of a bullet over the Master's cap revealed the state of affairs. The latter turned and shouted: "Follow me; we are in the line of fire!" This preserved the lives of most present, but it was too late to save Mr. Spens, who, shot in the neck, reeled in the saddle. Despite the flying bullets, Mr. Stephen Hall, who was riding "next horse," galloped forward and caught Spens as he fell. For twenty yards he carried him in his arms towards shelter, then stretched himself beside him on the ground. The gallant act was unrewarded, for the injured lad died without speaking. The distress of his mother, who was only told of the accident when her son's horse was led up, was painfully pathetic.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

To cure BILIOUSNESS you must strengthen your liver, so that the flow of bile may be regular and even. Too much bile is as bad as too little, and both cause untold suffering. MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP tones and cleanses the liver, and so

**CURES
BILIOUSNESS**

The 2½ bottle contains three times as much as the 1¼ size.



You'll forget the discomforts of THE LAST BUS HOME, when you sit down to a warming cup of

'CAMP' COFFEE

"CAMP" can be prepared within half-a-minute of your arrival. Depend upon it—for real comfort and all-round reliability there's no beverage like it. Made by R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

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Neave's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet*.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

For
**INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS,
and the AGED.**

Purveyors by Special Appointment to
H.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

**CHILDREN
TEETHING**

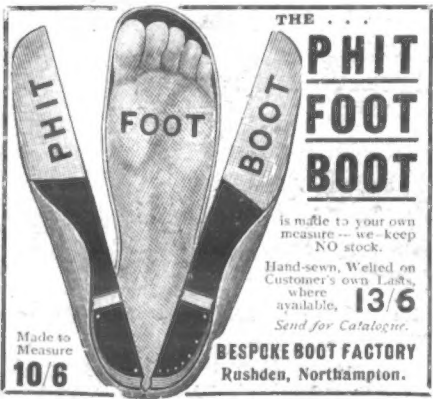
TO MOTHERS.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup**

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.



is made to your own measure—we keep NO stock.

Hand-sewn. Welled on Customer's own Lasts, where available. **13/6**

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**BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY
Rushden, Northampton.**

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should Thaw Be Re-Tried?

FOR.

It is quite clear to the British mind that a trial for murder, such as that which has ended without a verdict in New York, is regarded by the bulk of the American people as a gigantic dramatic entertainment.

It has been conducted, it seems to us, more for the purpose of producing hysterics among witnesses and perspiration among counsel than to bring about the ends of justice as we understand the term in this country.

No one can deny to any of those who have taken part in the amazing proceedings which have been served up to us, duly censored, ream by ream, the credit of having added to the sensationalism of the event. Every conceivable emotion appears to have been cleverly stirred, every nerve strung up, and every note, from levity to agony, struck at exactly the dramatic moment.

New York society has been thrilled through and through on almost every day of the long-drawn-out trial, yet the proceedings never came to a close from day to day without the impression remaining that the morrow would bring forth some new and unexpected turn of events.

The leading counsel on either side, for some reason which has never been made clear to us, waited until more than midway through the trial before "springing" the question of Thaw's sanity upon the court, although it was the question uppermost in the minds of everyone at the very commencement of the proceedings. This "great surprise" figured as the least successful coup, but it was characteristic of the manner in which the trial was conducted throughout.

Now, after eleven weeks of

UNDILUTED, UNSAVOURY
MELODRAMA,

the jury have been unable to come to a unanimous verdict, and the accused man has been recommitted to the Tombs to await a decision as to his re-trial. For the reason which we have pointed out, alone, to gain the calm of proceedings unmarred by the frenzy of excitement and unhealthy emotion, fairness and common-sense call for a new trial.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that the conducting of the case on both sides was such as to confound the gravity of the real issue, and thrust the trial of Thaw for murder into the background. But not only is a re-trial to be desired on the plea that the proceedings which have terminated served merely to clear the way, through a tangle of objectionable detail, for a real trial, untainted, let us hope, by a repetition of those scenes that have shocked all instincts of decency.

We have been accused in this country of a too ready impulse to yield to the promptings of sentiment in connection with the Rayner case; but there was never any attempt to evade a definite verdict, or to permit one who had taken life to escape the decision of the Criminal Court.

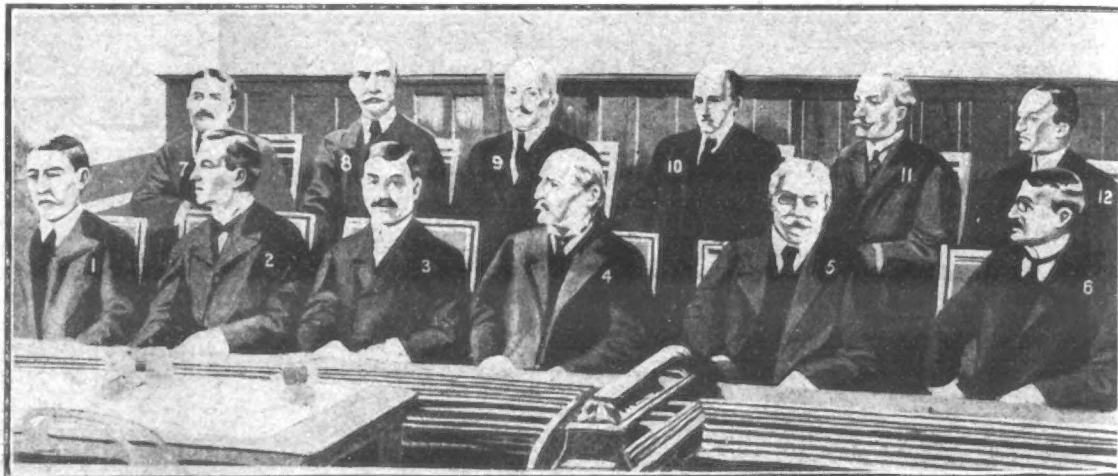
THAW MUST ANSWER FOR THE CRIME HE HAS COMMITTED;

he cannot be permitted to return to the world, a man powerful with the power of wealth, spared from the expiation of his crime for no stronger reason than that there was a deadlock among the jury who tried him. Nor must we leave out of consideration the fact that, although the jury could come to no unanimous decision, the majority took the most serious view of the prisoner's crime.

The plea of Thaw's mental condition has been brought forward, but the Lunacy Commission, after the most exhaustive examination, found him to be of sound mind, and upon the score of dementia there can be no plea for the murderer's release without re-trial. He cannot be retained in captivity as a lunatic, and he cannot be set free while there is not even a convincing proof of the contention that, under the circumstances of the case, he

action vindicated. And if we are to assume that Thaw believed himself justified in killing White, the fullest opportunity of proving that belief should not be withheld from him.

Those who oppose the course of a new trial still uphold the idea of that "rough justice" which is almost extinct even in the least law-abiding districts of America. They would applaud Thaw as a long-suffering hero, and demand his freedom as one who has performed a heroic deed in purging the world of such men as White is said to have been. If there is, as it seems, a tendency in the direction of criminal-worship, let us at least demand in every civilised part of the world that this emotional regard for the perpetrators of certain crimes be not carried to a point which brings with it a defiance of clear-headed justice, and an uneasy feeling that deeds of violence are being encouraged rather than sternly suppressed.



THE THAW JURY.

Owing to the disagreement of these gentlemen, it is said that a fresh trial will have to take place. Their names are: (1) Mr. Smith, (2) Mr. Pfaff, (3) Mr. Fecke, (4) Mr. Pink, (5) Mr. Harny, (6) Mr. Brearley, (7) Mr. Frase, (8) Mr. Newton, (9) Mr. Steele, (10) Mr. Dennee, (11) Mr. Bolton, (12) Mr. Gerstmann.

was justified in taking the life of Stanford White.

From the point of view of the accused, it cannot be believed for one moment that he would prefer (being of sound mind) the equivocal position of finding himself cast back on society by an abortive trial, to the verdict, no matter what it be, of a jury of his countrymen.

If Thaw is a man who can be exculpated from a deliberate act of murder, he must be of the honour-loving, fearless type, one who would unhesitatingly prefer to stand on his trial to being relieved of the responsibility of answering for his crime through a hitch in the legal machinery of a court of justice.

It is only the man who commits manslaughter believing that by every unwritten law of human justice and retribution he is morally entitled to do so, who can hope to face the world with his

AGAINST.

The Thaw trial will now furnish something like a permanent attraction to the debased taste of the looser section of New York society. This fact will be deplored; for nothing has been made clearer by the disquieting example of the ways of the American High Court than that there is a huge appetite for such fare as must nauseate every clean-minded person both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. Apparently in America a trial for murder can be regarded in very much the same way as a proceeding for divorce in England. There has been a social, as well as a criminal side to the trial of Thaw. We have been sickened by the report of the "smartly dressed" crowds of men and women wrangling and fighting, scheming and cheating, in order that they might be present at the "shameless and almost

nameless revelations of "fast life" in New York.

Proceedings such as these cannot have done otherwise than exercise an immense amount of harm upon thousands of young people, opening their eyes to a side of life which we all hope is a closed book to those who are taught the first principles of honour and purity. We can hardly doubt that among representative Americans there must be a fervent wish that, to safeguard the public from a repetition of the noisome and disquieting details of vice with which New York has been saturated, every effort will be made to spare the civilised world the horror of a new trial, and a recapitulation of scenes even from reflection on which we recoil.

WHAT POSSIBLE END CAN BE SERVED BY ONCE MORE OPENING THESE PROCEEDINGS,

which, though dignified by the name of a trial, have partaken more of the nature of a pitched battle between parties equipped apparently for eternal fray. The figures of the cost of the trial, which have been published, are in themselves sufficient to indicate that the State is prepared to go to any length of extravagance, in order, if possible, to overwhelm the forces of the wealthy defence. The expenses of the trial which has terminated in what is virtually the acquittal of Thaw have been colossal; and if the State is determined to drag the whole repulsive business once more

Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

before the public it can only do so by drawing still more heavily on the public purse, with little or no hope of gaining a conviction, which would be immediately quashed by the overwhelming force of public opinion in favour of the accused.

Is it possible to believe for one moment that more than a formal verdict could be brought against Thaw after the facts which came to light during the trial which has closed? The story that was wrung from the lips of this man's wife was one which, no matter what be our moral code, or our legal interpretation of right and wrong, must exonerate the outraged husband from a charge of cold-blooded murder.

Re-try Thaw, and re-try him again. If the perseverance, the ingenuity of the law at length finds him technically guilty

(Continued on page 243.)

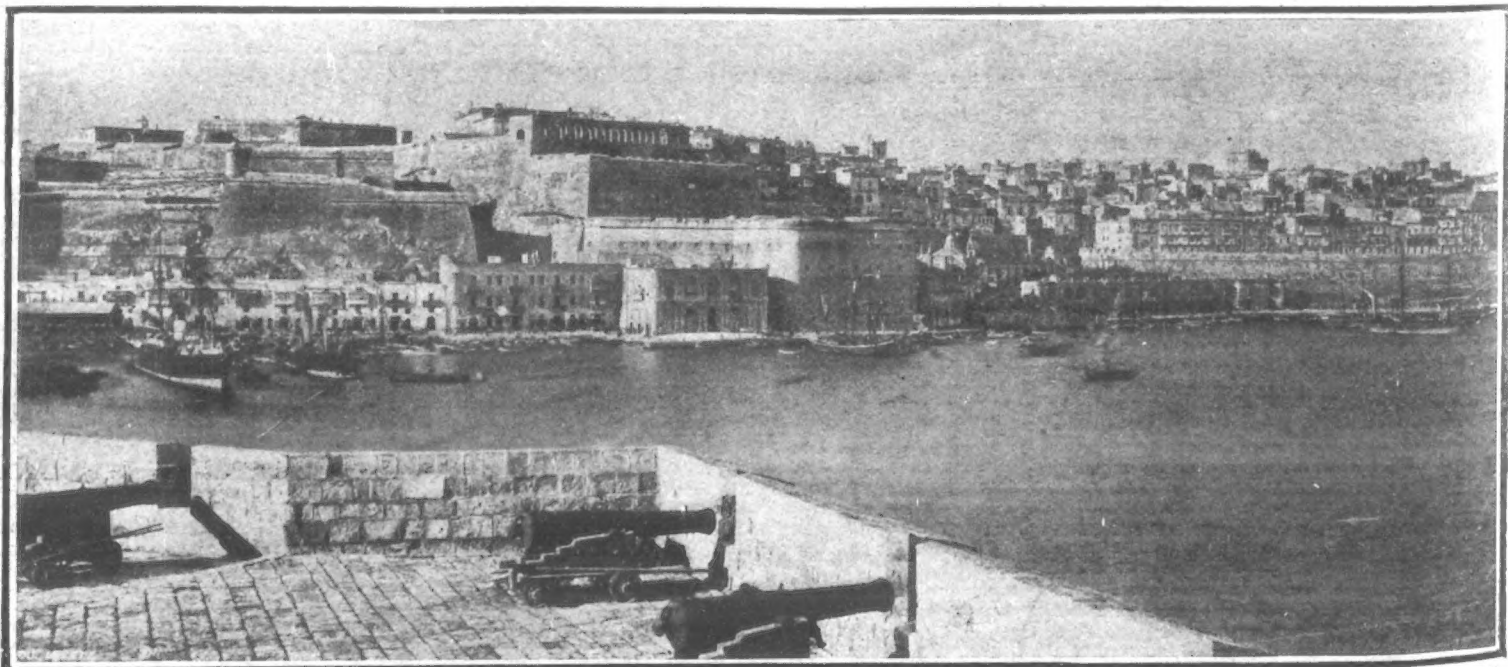
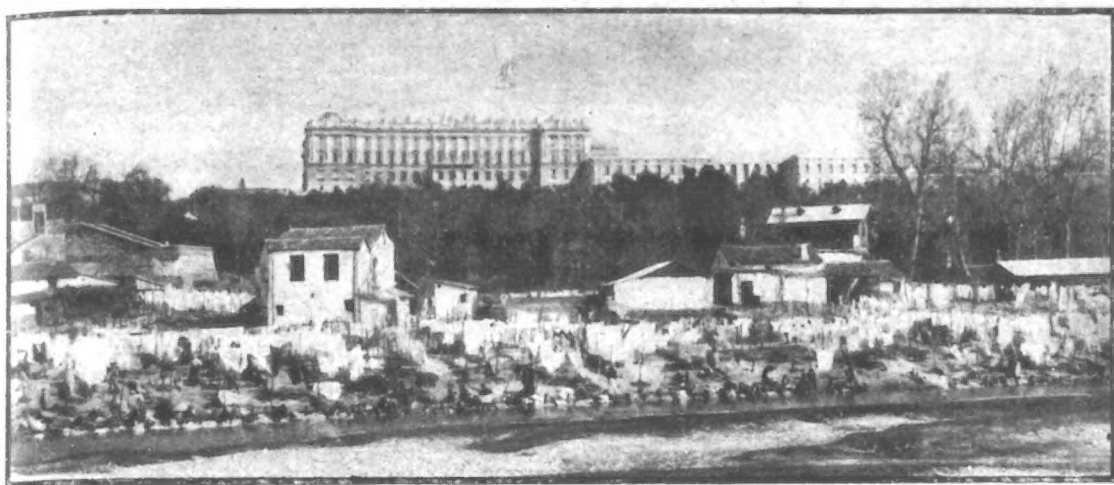


Photo. Friis.

VISITED BY KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA: THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

NOTICE.—In future all Editorial Communications for "P. J. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, W.C.

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

THE POMP OF POWER

EVERY DAY there come children into the world. Some are ushered in by the highly-paid physicians of the West-End; others, born into the so-called middle-class, arrive in less state; while the great majority, the children of the poorer classes, arrive without unnecessary fuss—they are just born. All of these babies, very much alike to look at, are born, live, and become men and women—or die. Only their near relations are concerned about them, for babies are really quite common creatures, and the man in the street has no time to bother himself about the child that has been born in the red-brick villa over the way. Such matters are even considered indelicate to talk about, and certainly they form no part of a general conversation.

But the heir to a throne, the child who will some day wear a crown and sway the destinies of a kingdom, is everybody's business. Long before it is born, its expected arrival is discussed, the man in the cottage knows as much about it as the financier in his mansion. True, it is merely the birth of one more child into the world, but it is the child of a King and Queen.

Because of that there is nothing indelicate, apparently, in the discussion of the event. The child is merged in the throne, the atmosphere of the Court throws a glorifying haze round the commonplaceness of its occurrence, and the child is no longer a child, but just a mighty atom that must grow up—by the aid of God—into the ruler of a kingdom.

KING ALFONSO'S DECREE.

IN order that the ceremonies which must take place in connection with the approaching accouchement of my dear and beloved spouse, when the Almighty permits that so happy an event shall be realised, may be carried out with all the customary solemnity, I make the following decree—

There shall attend at the presentation of the Prince of Asturias, or Infanta, who may be born, the Ministers of the Crown, the chief officers of the Palace, a deputation from each of the Legislative bodies, the commissioners of Asturias, a commission of two personages nominated by the Grandees of Spain, the Commanders-in-Chief of the army and navy, the knights of the Noble Order of the Golden Fleece, a commission of two persons from each of the supreme assemblies of the Royal Orders of Carlos III. and Isabel the Catholic, another commission of the same number of individuals from each one of the worshipful assemblies of the renowned military Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in the provinces of Aragon and Castile and of the four military orders; the Presidents of the Council of State, of the Supreme Tribunal, of the Exchequer, and of the Supreme Council of War; a commission of two persons from the Supreme Tribunal of the Rota, the Archbishop of Toledo, those who have been ambassadors, the presidents of the Higher Consultative Committees of War and Marine, the Captain-General of New Castile, the Governor of the Province of Madrid, the Mayor of the Municipality of Madrid, a commission of the councillors of the same municipality nominated by the corporation, the directors and inspectors of all arms, and a commission from the collegiate body of the nobility.

The foreign Diplomatic Body shall be invited to attend the ceremony under the direction of the Introducer of Ambassadors.

As soon as evident signs of the approaching confinement shall be noticed, the personages above-mentioned shall be advised, so that they may repair, in uniform, to the apartments of the palace set apart for the purpose.

The birth having taken place, the Mistress of the Robes shall immediately bring the fact to the knowledge of the President of my Council of Ministers,

who shall announce the auspicious event, informing them of the sex of the child, and shall communicate it to the Captain-General of Madrid and the Commander of the Halberdiers, so that, with all possible celerity, they may give the signals and salutes mentioned in the following article.

In order that the inhabitants of the most heroic town of Madrid may know without delay whether the newly born child is a Prince or an Infanta there shall be hoisted, in the first case, the Spanish flag over that part of the Royal Palace known as the Punta del Diamante, and there shall be fired a salute of twenty-one guns at the customary places; in the second case the flag shall be white, and the salute shall be fifteen guns. Should the birth take place at night a light of the appropriate colour shall be placed beneath the flag.

Accompanied by the Mistress of the Robes and the chief officers of the palace, I will present the newly-born child to the Diplomatic Body and the other personages assembled in the palace, in virtue of the present decree.

GREAT PREPARATIONS.

As soon as the birth of the Royal infant is near, sand is laid down over all the approaches to the Palace, so that there may be as little noise as possible. Then, too, the privileged great ones of Spain begin to arrive, and they wait, according to their respective rank, in the Camara, the ante-Camara, the Sala, and the Saleta; the gentlemen being dressed in full uniform and the ladies in Court costume.



A SPANISH HAWKER SELLING FAVOURS OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

(Continued from page 242.)

of murder the State will but have squandered its gold in vain, and have protracted a case which in an English Court of Law would not have occupied a week, and have ended in a sentence which our stern sense of justice demands but our broader views of humanity remits.

A NEW TRIAL CANNOT SHAKE THE FACTS.

It cannot lessen the crime of Stanford White, which revealed him to be a man without the pale of human sympathy, and it cannot in any way throw a fresh light on the motive which led Thaw to take the life of the betrayer of the girl who had become his wife. There are not two readings to a human tragedy such as this.

That such things exist, and must exist while there are human passions on earth, cannot be made less deplorable by dwelling on their details a second time. Our natural instincts are all in favour of blotting out the depravities and the weaknesses of human nature from our sight as speedily as possible. By lingering over them we encourage morbid consequences without advancing justice or purifying the world.

Common-sense, and the cause of morality, will be best served by accepting the almost inevitable end to which the Thaw trial has come; while that side of the public which revels in the sordid exposures and prurient episodes of a revolting scandal will be rightly disappointed.

Even those who insist that Thaw must make atonement for his deed can hardly wish that this unfortunate and unhappy man should be returned to the ordeal of a second trial. Humanity will ask for the release of the victim from the cruelties which were practised upon him by the relentless counsel for the prosecution. Surely he has endured enough: months of delay and suspense, hours of the most exquisite torture, standing before a crowd intent on watching how he would support the shame and agony of his wife's examination; powerless to mitigate by a single word the horror of the wretched girl's position.



Photo. Topical Press.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF KINGS.

A particularly pleasing photograph of King Edward and King Alfonso at Cartagena.



GUNS BEING BROUGHT INTO POSITION READY FOR THE SALUTE ANNOUNCING THE BIRTH OF THE HEIR TO THE THRONE.



Photos. Illus. Bureau.

EXPECTANT CROWDS OUTSIDE THE PALACE AWAITING THE HOISTING OF THE SIGNAL-FLAG. ALL CLASSES ARE WATCHING EAGERLY.



MISS DESPERADO

BY
HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"TELL me, Miss Jerningham, what was she like, that poor child who crossed with you, who was lost while you were saved? As fair as you? Taller than you, or not so tall?"

"She was my height, my complexion, her hair was like mine too; they used to call us *les Jumelles*—the Twins, you know—because we were so like."

"And was she sweet, lovable, and gentle—this Marah Delahay?"

"Nothing like so sweet as the other, Marah was not fit to lace Diana's shoes. The dear one, the true one was taken, the unhappy one, the unworthy one, was left."

Those were the words shaped by Marah's heart, but she checked them on her trembling lips, and said instead—

"The dear friend whom I lost, my more than sister was dearer, sweeter far than I. The song of birds, the tenderness of the flowers, the charm of music—all these seemed combined in and reflected by my dear dead darling."

And fresh tears came to her eyes.

Nurse Sylvain took her hand, pressed it, kissed it, and the wondering Marah felt a tear plash on that hand. Even allowing for the pathos of the tragedy, the girl-life cut off in its bloom, Marah marvelled that this stranger, so unsympathetic of exterior with all others, including Marah herself, should evince so deep an interest in one she had never known.

"Did she ever tell you of her life, of her friends, her parents?" Nurse Sylvain asked, in faltering accents.

And Marah, looking away from her companion, yet seeing nothing of the glorious undulating landscape before her eyes, answered—

"I knew all her story. Friends, save for the good nuns and her Diana, she had none. They were home, parents, sisters indeed—all in all to her, though she so ill requited their loving care."

"So ill requited!" There was an angry challenge in Nurse Sylvain's tone. And Marah went on—

"You must remember that Marah was very like myself—was almost my other self, so that I must not over-praise her. You asked me of her life-story, of her parents. Her life story was a sad one. Listen. They had called her Marah, they who left her to the care of the good nuns, because her lot was bitter, and they left her in that pious care because—because she was their shame."

"Oh, forbear! forbear!" Nurse Sylvain sprang up, and with bowed head flitted from the room. And as she glided through the oak-panelled galleries of the stately old manor house she wailed beneath her breath. "They called her Marah because her lot was bitter, because she was their shame."

"Yes, yes, the shame and blame were theirs, not hers. Heaven will take her white soul to its keeping; no sin of hers can soil her angel pinions. And oh! that other, so like her that they called them *les Jumelles*; I hated her, I tried so hard to keep on hating her because what should have been the other's the wicked cruel law of earth has given to her, even to the name. But how can I hate her—when Marah loved her?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE afternoon brought Felicia Wynne and sunshine. Behind the west wing of the big manor house was spread a pleasant

lawn, down in a cup made of grassy banks, with to the right a rosery, whence were wafted on the summer breeze exquisite odours from big clusters of red and white and yellow blooms; with, to the left, another quaint old garden, sacred to old-time flowers and herbs—marjoram, lovely hollyhocks, towering like dainty, stately ladies; white alison, rosemary, southern-wood, pinks, and gillyflowers; within their midst a sundial, its pedestal moss-grown and crumbling. Here they played tennis till the cedars' shadows lengthened across the sward, when Felix walked over for his sister.

Stephen Jerrold, too, came over from Bayminster with certain papers and parchments for the new lady of the manor to sign; but, nothing loth, postponed these prosaic formalities for a double set.

Matthew Jerningham's widow, seated at her open window, writhed in a white wrath of spleen. Nurse Sylvain, seated near her, watching the westering sun, the inky woodland sky-line, the masses of bloom gleaming white and crimson in the falling light, the white forms scampering over the tennis-court, said softly—

"A pleasant picture."

This last straw quite broke down the widow's patience. Springing to her feet, she paced the room with rapid strides, tearing at the handkerchief in her clenched hands as though it had been a hated thing of life.

"Pleasant!" she hissed. "Oh! very pleasant to sit here robbed of my wedded home, the estate that, if justice had been done, should have been mine for ever. Mine! mine! mine! And to see that girl, a stranger to him, barely a kinswoman, reigning here in my stead, choosing who shall enter here, who shall be welcome, who unwelcome, peopling the place with other strangers, and I, an outcast, listening to their laughter—oh! it is more than flesh and blood can bear! Can't you feel for me! Can't you understand!"

"Yes," said the quiet woman in grey. "I can understand. And can't you understand?"—her voice quickened as she spoke, "that if justice were done, real justice, not law, but real justice, how many who are homeless, outcast, destitute, would be seated in high places, robed in purple and fine linen? And how many who now abound in riches, whose lives are beds of uncrumpled roses, would find themselves homeless, penniless, hurled down from their pinnacle of power to fight and scramble with the rest of the rabble for food, for shelter, and the common needs of life!"

At last the voices died away below, the joyous quartet had left the lawn for that Cosy Room that had won Felicia's heart. Later, a little later, the visitors were being whirled away in Stephen Jerrold's motor. The new mistress of the house was alone again, alone with her reflections, arraigning herself before the tribunal of her own accusing conscience.

She must go, quietly, silently, leaving no trace, only leaving enough explanation to right the wrong, for she now saw herself quite in the wrong. No matter how harsh the world's laws might be towards herself, that harshness was no justification to her to dispossess another. The old platitude was unanswerable—two wrongs could not make a right.

All this had seemed so clear since she had met Felicia.

Ah! yes, and Felicia's brother. For all the while she was saying and thinking what she guessed Felix Wynne would say and think.

What wonder Stephen Jerrold had rallied her upon the trembling hand with which she signed the papers and parchments Felix Wynne had witnessed. She wrung her hands, remembering that he had witnessed her forgery. Oh! when the truth was known how those grave, grey, truthful eyes of his would harden!

Then came in Matthew Jerningham's widow, still white and writhing with the wrath of baffled greed, querulous almost to hysteria, and still reviling the dead man for the one thing left undone that she deemed he ought to have done.

And somehow, strange obstinacy, born of impatience with this mercenary, wretched greed, this unforgiving hardness of heart, took possession again of Marah's nature, all but shaking her purpose, all but tempting her to defer the righting of the wrong that when she listened to this grasping woman scarcely seemed a wrong.

Midnight had long since chimed from the stable's turret-clock, and yet the arc lights were aglow in two rooms within Jerningham Manor House. Away in the eastern wing Eli Harker was seated amid a pile of ledgers, day books, receipts, and other paraphernalia of his office. Carefully, craftily, he had made erasures and alterations in scores, refalsifying falsifications, correcting former frauds with fresh ones, and even now, at the best, he saw no means of saving his skin except by disgorging

he said, of a sudden, "there is another way"

In that other room where the light was still switched on, that Cosy Room that Felicia had fallen in love with, Marah Delahay, wrapped in her cloak, was kneeling to pack a handbag, her tears falling on her busy hands, her frame shaken with heaving sobs.

Away at the bungalow, Felix Wynne rose from his desk with a thankful sigh of one who has finished hard, strenuous labour.

"Thank goodness that's finished!" he exclaimed, stretching his arms, and opening his shoulders to take the crick out of his back. "Wonder if it'll ever get a reading. By Jove! two o'clock! How Felicia would scold if she knew. The dear little girl! How thoroughly she has taken to her—and what wonder, who could help taking to her? Oh! every word Felicia says about her is true, only inadequate—yes, for once Felicia's rhapsodies are inadequate. But what's the good of my thinking of her? I, the back journalist, the untied playwright, with my spurs yet to win, perhaps, and she—she is sleeping away there in her stately manor house, my stately lady, rare and radiant as any courtly ancestress who ruled there in by-gone days—and I wonder—I wonder—if she, so courteous and so gracious in receiving me, asleep or awake, has any shadow of a thought for me, any place however transient or lowly, in her dreams—for me?"

And crossing to the window he looked out into the starlit night across the

leaving the stately, yet comfortable and homely, old manor house—a regret that she was not what she had posed as being, the real heiress of that house, the real descendant of the avenue of grave, stately men and beautiful and stately women who looked down on her from the time-mellowed canvases.

Somehow they seemed to regard her with no unkind, but rather a tender gaze, and she whispered as she flitted by them, "Good-bye, dear ones. Oh, how I wish I had really been your kinswoman, your ever-so-great-grand-daughter."

What was that strange murmuring? Was it the sighing of the night wind echoing the sigh of Marah's heart?

Her plan was pitifully vague. She had a hazy idea of making her way across the park to the little private gate, of which she held a key, then walking along the high road to the little station at Bondesley, where the newspaper train to the Midlands started. It had dawned on her that her appearance there at such an hour would inevitably provoke comment, and she had reflected that a more plausible method would have been to leave the manor house in broad daylight, take train openly to London and disappear in that labyrinth of humanity. But the impulse to fly that had seized on her so suddenly demanded immediate compliance. Stephen Jerrold was coming over in the morning with yet more deeds to sign. Delay meant more figures, more fraud, more risks. She felt that if she postponed her flight she might be tempted to abandon it.

So she hurried through the picture gallery towards that strange murmuring sound, that penetrated with other sounds as of the crackling of twigs, through the tapestries on to the gallery and there started back, clutching at her heart.

For, thrusting those curtains aside, she came, as it were, on to the banks of a flaming crater. The entrance hall was in a blaze, a blaze that the night wind from the window below was fanning towards her.

In a moment all Marah's thoughts and plans of flight were forgotten. She only remembered the sleeping servants and their danger. Swiftly down the staircase she ran along the passage to their rooms, ringing at bells, smiting at doors, calling them to arouse and save themselves.

They hurried out, some scared, some still half asleep, weeping, shouting, some screaming.

"Fire! Fire! Save yourselves! Let the men stand by with the hose and buckets and the extinguishers!" Marah called in a voice wonderfully clear and steady.

"Fire! Make haste! Get up!" The door rattled as she shook the handle. Nurse Sylvain emerged in a dressing-gown, asking—

"Where is it?"

"In the East Wing and the entrance hall. Wake Mrs. Jerningham while I ring up the fire-station," and she rushed along another side staircase to the telephone, and snatching up the transmitter called the one word that, wisely, needs no number.

"Hello! Hello! Fire!"

"Yes, you're through."

Then came a deeper voice.

"Where?"

"Jerningham Manor House."

There was an echoing of the words, then a distant sound of a gong, and the welcome answer in a big bass voice—

"All right. Steamer on the way. Fire-escape is being run out now."

Marah reflecting how providential, albeit baffled, her plan of flight had been, hurried back along the passage, but of a sudden fell back before a volume of belching smoke.

In a flash she realised the awful truth, the tapestries and the wainscoting of that side passage had caught: her retreat was cut off.

To and fro she darted, followed and met by the now louder roaring and crackling of flames, and the suffocating smoke clouds that were closing in on her. And desolate and despairing as had seemed her life, Marah was now thinking only how young she was to die.

She cried for help, for she could hear shouts and cries from other voices, but between here and there there were banks of rolling smoke, here and there tongues of flame.

"Help! help! Oh! save me!" she screamed, flinging wide a door and dashing through a suite of rooms. But she fell back before a bursting sheet of flame, a splintering of glass, a fall of crackling wood, back into the gallery and to a deep embrasured window, its blazonry gleaming red and yellow in the fire-glow. She flung it wide, then recoiled. It was fifty feet above the terrace flagstone, and the gust of night air set the flames beyond-dancing higher and more madly. Marah gave herself up for lost.

Then she heard a voice calling her by the name that was not hers.

"Miss Jerningham, where are you? Diana! Diana! whom Marah loved! Where are you?"

(Continued on page 255.)



Nurse Sylvain emerged in a dressing-gown. "Where is the fire?" she cried excitedly.

plunder to the extent of something like a thousand pounds.

And how was he to get that thousand back again? Under the watchful eyes of the girl who had already bowled him out, who knew him for a thief, he was certain of that, and, being certain, realised the possibility of swift dismissal even after restitution.

"If I could only hit upon some other way," he muttered, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on to his chair-arm. "If it were merely a case of sack, I'd see her—where I wish her—before I'd fork out a thousand, or a hundred; only, suppose she prosecuted and old stories cropped up, and some of the dead and buried—past—came back to life! No, there's no other way. Why, what on earth am I doing?" He sprang up, sniffing, then looked down at a glowing ring where the live ember of the tobacco-dottle had fallen on a heap of accounts, whence a thin spiral smoke was curling. "By the Lord Harry!"

meadows and the woods towards where by day one could catch a glimpse of her turrets above the belt of timber. And lo! just there! the inky skyline was broken with suffusing angry lurid glow!

CHAPTER X.

Along the stately gallery of the old mansion, Marah, cloaked for travelling, crept stealthily.

Her mind was made up. She would throw up the game she had so far played so audaciously—the game that, after all, she consoled herself, had been practically forced upon her by circumstances and other people's premature jumps at conclusions—the game that had been so possible, face to face with that callous, calculating crocodile of a widow, and that had become so difficult since Marah had known Felicia the frank, the true—and Felicia's brother.

Somehow she felt a strange pang

TRIAL AND SENTENCE OF LORD WILLIAM NEVILL.

LORD William Beauchamp Nevill, fourth son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, who was educated at Eton, held a commission in the Army, was A.D.C. to a Viceroy of Ireland, and in 1898 was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for fraud, was found guilty at the Clerkenwell Sessions last Saturday of stealing jewellery from a firm of pawnbrokers in Sloane Square by means of a trick, and was sent to gaol for twelve months with hard labour.

Lord William Nevill, who is now

forty-six years of age, is a tall, slim, well-built man, with large, handsome eyes, aquiline nose, bronzed cheeks, and a waxed moustache.

For three years Lord William had dealings with Messrs. Miller and Fitch, jewellers and pawnbrokers, of Sloane Square. He both bought and pawned jewellery, and last October there was an advance of about £500 outstanding.

On Oct. 31 Lord William sent a post-card asking Mr. Fitch to call at his house, 72, Eaton Place, with eight lots

of his pawned jewellery, which he wished to consolidate into one lot on a fresh contract.

Mr. Fitch called, and Lord William Nevill showed him into a room at the end of the entrance-hall. They sat at a small table, on which Mr. Fitch placed the pawned jewellery.

The jewellery was then placed in a box and sealed, and Lord William substituted for it a similar box containing two pieces of coal, which Mr. Fitch took away.

This was the story that Mr. C. L. Attenborough, who prosecuted, outlined in court. While on bail, he said, Lord William and his solicitor called on Mr. Fitch and paid the £315 due. The limit of the contract was April 30 next.

Lady William Nevill, a tall, dark woman, who wore a black sealskin jacket and a hat with a large blue feather in it, was the only witness for the defence. She said that Lord William had no income, but that she had one.

"Well over four figures?" asked Mr. Montagu Lush, K.C., who defended; and Lady William agreed.

She said that she gave Lord William the £315 to pay Mr. Fitch. If she had been asked to pay before she would have done so.

Mr. Lush, before Lady William gave evidence, argued very cleverly that there was no case for the jury. Lord William had been guilty of dishonourable conduct, which he did not palliate, he said, and he might have been charged with obtaining money by fraud, but he could not be charged with stealing the jewellery by a trick, as he was the real owner, and the pawnbroker, who had only a right to the "possession" of the jewellery, parted with possession.

The jury decided that Mr. Fitch did not give up possession of the jewellery, and that Lord William did take it with intent to deprive Mr. Fitch of it. On those findings the Chairman directed them to find a verdict of guilty, which they did.

The Chairman said that he agreed with the verdict, although he did not think that Lord William intended to deprive Mr. Fitch of the £315. "I shall treat this case as I would treat any other case that comes into this court," he added emphatically.

"I would not sentence you to penal servitude if you were a working man. I will not sentence you to penal servitude because you are other than a working man. The sentence I should give in either case is that you be imprisoned for twelve months."



A BURGLARS' PARADISE.

The disused cells at the Old Bailey, the doors of which have already been removed.



THE LAST OF THE OLD BAILEY.

Another landmark of London in course of being demolished, but not before a New Bailey has been built.



LAWFUL HOUSE BREAKERS.

Men at work demolishing the Old Bailey, which is no longer needed by the authorities.

LORD WILLIAM NEVILL IN THE DOCK.



MR ROBERT WALLACE, K.C.
HEARS THE CASE



LADY WILLIAM NEVILL
GIVES EVIDENCE



MR LUSH, K.C.
COUNSEL FOR THE
DEFENCE



MR ATTENBOROUGH
FOR THE
PROSECUTION.

THE TRIAL
OF LORD
WILLIAM
NEVILL

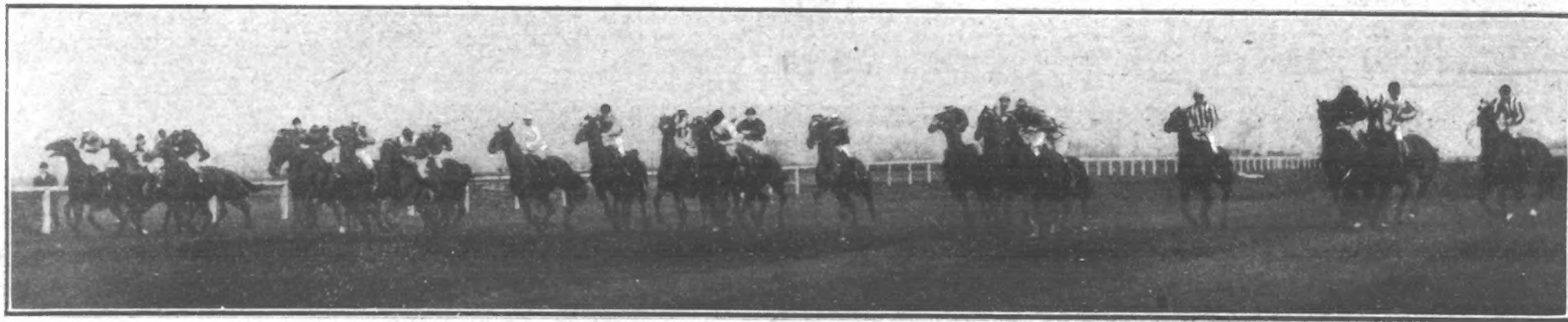
CHIEF INSPECTOR
DREW
WHO ARRESTED THE PRISONER



MR FITCH
THE PROSECUTOR



A.P.



A FINE START AT THE NEWBURY MEETING.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

THE destination of the League Championship is settled. To Newcastle United belongs the proud distinction of having scored more points than any other club in the competition, for whatever may happen between now and the end of the season, none of their rivals can rob them of the highest honours. They were pitted against Sheffield United at Newcastle last Saturday, and the pair drew the match without a goal being scored.

Everton, their nearest rivals in the table, are seven points behind the leaders, but the Cup has been occupying most of their attention, and last Saturday they were defeated by Derby County by five goals to two, a result quite at variance with any form the two clubs have displayed this season. Aston Villa are only one point behind them, but they could only draw with Notts County, though Bristol City, fifth on the list, went one better by defeating Liverpool by four goals to two.

Woolwich Arsenal won their game with Birmingham, though only by two goals to one, but by securing the full points they had ample revenge for their beating by five goals to one by the Midland team earlier in the season, and the Plumstead club look like finishing in good style. The winners tried their new forward, Mordue, recently secured from Barnsley, who played sufficiently well not to be written down a failure, but hardly well enough to be accounted a success.

The Arsenal failed to follow up their success on Monday, for on Stoke's ground they lost League points by two goals to nil. The latter club is on the lowest rung of the ladder, but they are making a great fight, hopeless though it is, to finish up well. Last Saturday they played Manchester City to a draw of two goals each.

Of the other First League matches, Bury did well by drawing with Blackburn Rovers at Gigg Lane, each side failing to score; and Sheffield Wednesday's win over Sunderland at Owlerton by two goals to one was achieved by superior football and greater determination. Middlesbrough had Manchester United for opponents at Teeside, and they won the match by two goals to nil.

Possibly the Second Division matches, or at least some of them, were of more importance to the clubs engaged than those who are already members of the "select" circle. The eyes of the football world were concentrated on Chelsea. Last season the Stamford Bridge club were within an ace of winning their way into the First Division. A slip in an

important match, and that on their own ground, when they were doing as well as their best friends could wish, set them back for a season, and it was left for 1906-7 to put matters straight for them.

The upshot of it is that they will be numbered amongst the clubs in the First Division next season, and they will be accompanied into the elevated area by Notts Forest, than whom no one but a bad sportsman would wish to remain in

West Ham United on Monday, and though they only won the game by one goal to nil, and that in the last minute, they were easily that much the better side.

The win of the latter over Northampton by four goals to nil was what one would expect from the form of the teams in recent matches, and Millwall's defeat of Leyton by two goals to nil was to be expected. In the other Southern League matches, Brentford drew with Portsmouth, New Brompton beat the Crystal Palace, Tottenham Hotspur and Watford played a goalless draw, Queen's Park Rangers defeated Southampton by three goals to nil, Swindon had the better of Reading by a goal to nil, Brighton and Hove Albion defeated Norwich City by two to one, and Luton

gained their equalising try in the last minute. Catford Bridge won the Kent Cup by defeating the Old Charltonians by two tries to nil. It was a popular victory.

LACROSSE.

Though not having much the worse of the first half at Lord's last Saturday, the South team eventually were overwhelmed by the North, and beaten by fifteen goals to four. But after being only in arrears by four goals to two at the interval, the Southerners lost their form, and nearly all the play went favourably to the North, who, scoring eleven goals to their rivals' two, won by the substantial margin stated. That Scott, owing to an injury sustained in the first half, was not quite at his best, was responsible for the heavy defeat is

ROWING.

Like the "match-making" at billiards, challenges for "championships" among professional rowing-men are to be taken with a big grain of salt—as a rule. But there is some reason to hope that Towns, the sculling champion of the world, will be induced to meet Ernest Barry for the championship of England, a title which carries with it the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup. Tom Sullivan is, I am told, interesting himself in the matter, and a big stake may be at issue if the match is arranged.

BILLIARDS.

I may be a false prophet, but I venture to predict that the "anchor" stroke will be restricted very considerably, if not altogether barred, next season. In conversation with a fellow-member of the Billiards Association—a member whose opinion has great weight—I learned that many of the leading players have had enough of the "anchor." It certainly comes to "the limit" when a game is extended to enable one player to beat another's record. Dawson last Friday ended an "anchor" break of 7184 at Liverpool, and in the ordinary course of events Aiken, in his game of 16,000 up with Weiss at Edinburgh, would not have been able to beat this; but on Saturday night, after Aiken had made 7172 and ran to his match points, the game was continued another fifty points, so that Aiken actually made 7222. But the "extension" will not be recognised, and Dawson's 7184 will count as record.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The two amateur championships—the one a seven-miles walk and the other a ten-miles run—decided at Fallowfield last Saturday were unqualified successes. The entries were good, the sport excellent, and by way of variety they introduced us to two new champions. The latter circumstance is for the good of the pastime, for one can get tired of seeing the same man win year after year.

For the walk there were twenty-six entries, and only one man failed to face the starter, this being R. Harrison, of the North Shields Walking Club. F. B. Thompson, of the London Athletic Club, proved to be the winner, and, walking throughout with scrupulous fairness he covered the distance in 52 min. 46 3-5 sec. A. Tripper, Salford H., was second; J. W. E. Bennett, Manchester A.C., third; and all the first fifteen men beat the standard time of 58 min.

The ten miles' running championship was secured by A. Underwood, Birchfield Harriers. The latter only recently won the International cross-country event, but his time, 54 min. 3 sec., is nothing to marvel at—nowadays. However, there was a boisterous wind blowing, and, in addition, the cold was all against the competitors. A. Duncan, of the Kendal Welcome H., was second, and W. T. Clarke, Sefton H., third.



Photo. Illus. Bureau.

CORINTHIANS v. BOLTON.

Rowlandson makes a fine save at the expense of a corner.

the lesser brigade of football fighters. And the sporting public will only be too glad if Clapton Orient—a deserving club which has not had the best of luck—should so finish the season as to justify their re-election to the Second Division, if re-election be necessary.

Fulham are almost assured of premier honours in the Southern League, and they further established their position last Saturday with a win over Bristol Rovers by two goals to nil, and that on the latter's ground. However, the Southern League champions were beaten for the Western League premiership by

got the better of Plymouth Argyle by three goals to two. Thus, it will be gathered that "form" was altogether "upside-down" in the Southern League games played last week-end.

To-morrow (Saturday) will be decided the chief match of the Association season, Everton and Sheffield Wednesday meeting in the final tie of the Football Association Challenge Cup—familiarily called the "English Cup." If one takes into consideration the composition of a side, then the chances are in favour of Everton, who, next to Newcastle United, have the most accomplished set of players in England. But individuality tells as often in a final tie as does the inconsistency of a great team, and, maybe, the powers of Stewart and Wilson in the forward line, and Tom Crawshaw in the half-back division, may tell a tale in favour of the Wednesday. Personally, however, I fancy the chances of Everton.

Rugby dies hard, and it will be within a few days of the "merry month" when the county championship is brought to an issue, for Devon and Durham have to meet again at Exeter to-morrow (Saturday), last week-end's match at West Hartlepool having ended, luckily for Devon, in a draw of one try each. That Durham should have won goes without saying. They were not at all fancied, but they played up with that keenness which often comes from a side which is determined to "do or die" in face of a presumably stronger combination. They literally overran Devon at certain parts of the game, and the Devonians only

not admissible—the fact is that the Northerners were much the cleverer side.

The Canadian team, the "Capitals," arrived at Liverpool on Saturday last, and began their practice at Lord's on Monday. Their President, Mr. E. Tasse, said that they had come to England with the intention of popularising the Canadian game in the Old Country; and that if they succeeded in drawing the two peoples closer together the visit would not have been in vain. Judging by their form in practice, the Capitals will make matters "hum" in their meetings with England's best.



LACROSSE.

North v. South: The North defence clearing.



LACROSSE.

Fast play in front of North goal.

THE FIRST SITTING OF THE IMPERIAL COLONIAL CONFERENCE AT DOWNING STREET THIS WEEK.

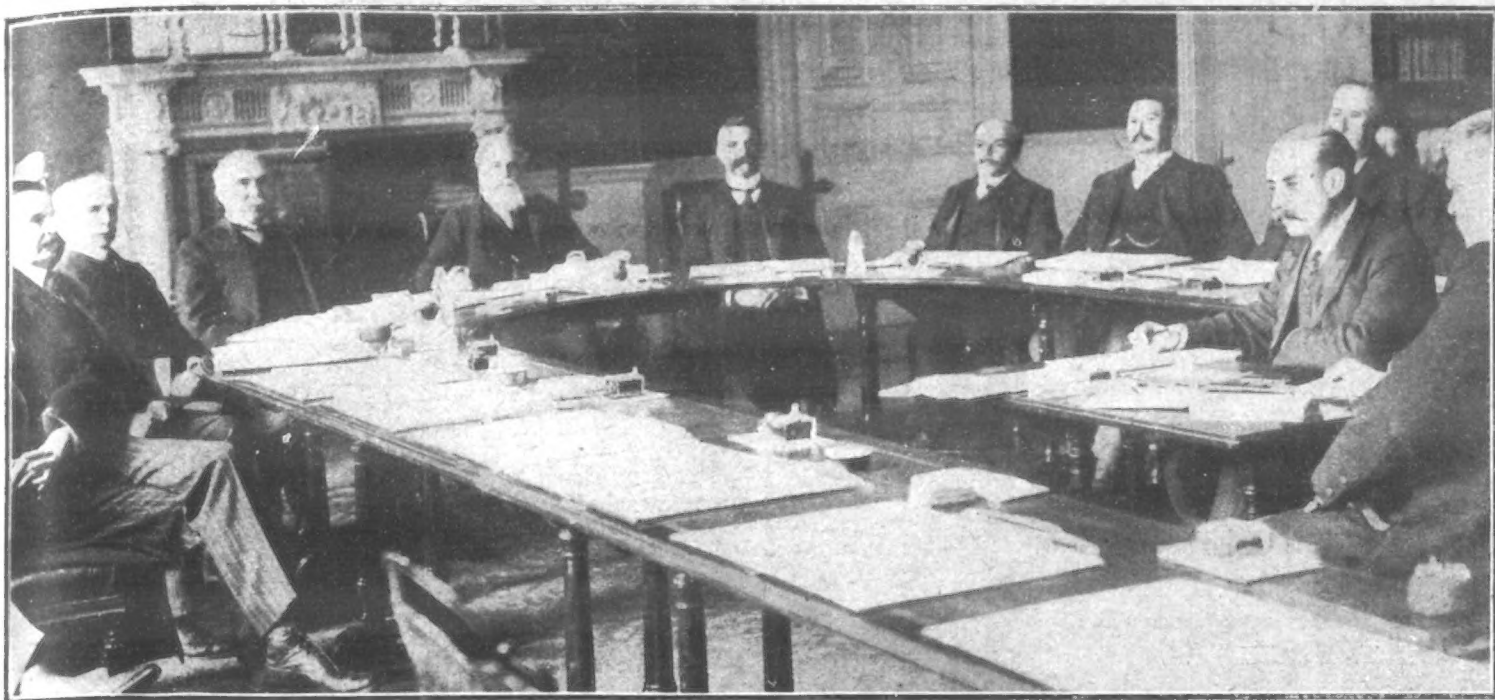


Photo. Park.

Sir J. Ward, Sir W. Laurier, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Elgin, Hon. A. Deakin, Hon. L. S. Jameson, Gen. Botha, and Sir W. Lyne.

There were two notable absentees from the contest, these being the holder, A. Aldridge, Highgate Harriers, and W. H. Day, Birchfield Harriers, the Midland Counties' champion. The Southern division made but a poor show. George Pearce getting no nearer than fifth. The latter has had a very heavy season, and as an old athlete I should say that he was stale, and that he would do well to indulge in a rest.

There was very little else of importance beyond the two big events. The Surbiton meeting was held on the ground of Shrewsbury House School, but the sports are not what they used to be, and have lost considerably in importance of recent years. The principal event was a two miles relay steeplechase, for which there were three teams entered. The race was won by the Surbiton Lacrosse Club, the Surbiton Rugby F.C. being second, and the Hockey Club third.

NOTICE.—In future, all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to: 172, Strand, London, W.C.



Photo. Illus. Bureau.

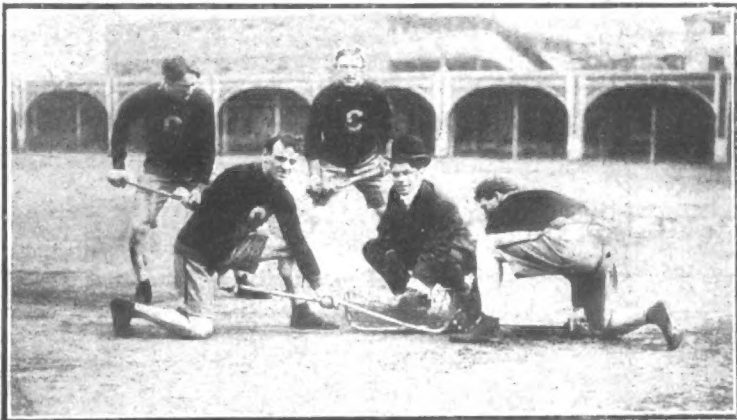
A SPORTING JUDGE.
Mr. Justice Grantham at Newbury Races last Saturday.

THE BERTRAM BENEFIT.

THERE was perhaps no entertainer who was better known in London and the provinces than the late Mr. Charles Bertram, whose conjuring

AN INTERESTING CONCERT.

THE First Surrey Rifles held an excellent Bohemian Concert at their headquarters, Flodden Road, Camberwell, on Saturday last.



CANADIAN LACROSSE TEAM.

Pringle, the Captain, practising a face.

tricks and illusions did much to divert and mystify all those who witnessed them, and it is painful to learn that he has died and left his widow and daughters in sadly straitened circumstances. The directors of the Palace Theatre, London, on learning the facts, immediately offered their theatre for a special benefit matinee, and a strong committee, containing thereon such prominent personages as the Marquis of Dufferin, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Glenesk, and the Lord Mayor of London was formed. The matinee is now announced to take place on April 23, when an exceptionally good programme will be submitted. Miss Sybil Arundale, Miss Margaret Cooper ("The Lady Fragson"), Miss Kitty Gordon, Mr. Louis Bradfield, Miss Marie Tempest, Mr. George Grossmith, Little Tich, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. George Robey, and Mr. Lewis Waller are among those who have already proffered their services, and it seems as though, from an artistic point of view, that the event will be the most popular of the season.

During his long career, Mr. Bertram did much to aid hospitals and other benevolent institutions in all parts of the country with his services, but the insidious inroads of cancer, whilst diminishing his income, greatly increased his expenses, with the lamentable result that the matinee in question is intended to remedy. He long battled bravely against these terrible odds, and it was only when the doctors pronounced what proved to be his death-sentence that he made his painful financial condition known, and then almost too late.

During the whole of his stage experience, the late Mr. Bertram never accepted a benefit performance, and in accordance with the large number of requests from those in all parts of the country who cannot attend the matinee, it has been decided to open a subscription-list. Cheques and postal-orders should be made payable to the Honorary Treasurers, at 33, Old Bond Street, London, W.

The programme was quite up to the usual high standard of entertainments provided by this popular Corps, and was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

Mr. Leonard Curtis opened the proceedings with a pianoforte selection, and was followed by Mr. Bevington Rosse,

who sang "The Trumpeter" with fine feeling. Mr. Fred Rome gave two original humorous items in his own inimitable manner, and Mr. Walter Walters created much amusement by his contributions. We do not remember to have heard an artist who can interest his audiences more with recitations than Mr. Valentine Hill. His humorous sketch, "On Strike," which he gave without a smile, was exceedingly funny.

Miss Elsie Steadman is a light comedy artiste who is deservedly famous. Mr. Owen Clarke presented a series of Magical Problems and sleight of hand tricks. Others who contributed to the entertainment were Mr. W. J. Bayley, who sang splendidly, Miss Stella Gregory, Miss Lilian Blake, and Miss Beatrice Macadam.

The string band of the regiment, under the direction of Bandmaster W. King, played several selections during the evening.

MISS SUTTON TO COMPETE FOR THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss May Sutton, the South Californian lawn-tennis player, who won the ladies' championship in 1905, will play in the indoor contests in New York early in May and then leave for England.

The clubs of her native California are anxious to give Miss Sutton another chance of meeting Miss Douglass (now Mrs. Chambers), who defeated her last year, and are raising a fund for that purpose.



DANGER TO WOLVERHAMPTON.

The goalkeeper waiting to punch out.

THE BANQUET TO THE COLONIAL PREMIERS AT THE ALBERT HALL.

IN cold and uncertain weather crowds gathered on Tuesday to greet the Colonial Premiers as they drove from the Hotel Cecil to the Guildhall, where they received the Freedom of the City.

All along the route bunting fluttered. At Temple Bar an arch had been thrown across the roadway, and "The City of London heartily welcomes her sons from Greater Britain" greeted the Premiers as they drove beneath.

Leaving the Hotel Cecil, the Premiers drove by way of the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cannon Street, Queen Victoria Street, Queen Street, and King Street, to the Guildhall.

Cheers greeted them as they passed, escorted by mounted police, the crowd being thickest in and about Cheapside.

There two mottoes hung across the street, one, "One King, One Empire," the other, "One Flag, One People." These were the points made in particular. Bells were pealing from the church steeples as they entered the courtyard, where a guard of honour of the "King's Colonial" Imperial Yeomanry was posted.

Before the arrival of the Premiers, the guests invited to witness the presentation had begun to assemble in the library of the Guildhall. Among the earliest were Sir E. Clarke, Sir Horace Tozer, Agent-General for Queensland, and Sir Thomas Fuller, Agent-General for Cape Colony. At the back of the dais were the six addresses of welcome, richly framed, to be presented, with the gold caskets containing the freedom of the City.

The presentation took place in the library, entrance being gained through an avenue of stately palms. Afterwards the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and their guests retired to the Oriel Room, and there the procession was formed to the great hall, where luncheon was served.

BANQUET AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Among the most interesting features of Thursday's great banquet was the singing of "England's Welcome," written by Mr. Alfred Austin, and set to music by Mr. Percy Pitt. The ode runs—

Welcome, welcome, welcome yet once more,
Welcome unto England's shore,
Faring hither from afar,
Welcome Southern Cross and Star,
All of British birth and blood,
Linked by loving brotherhood.

One in heart, one in hand,
One in counsel and command,
Far as winds and waters reach,
One in purpose as in speech,
Facing fearless good or ill,
One but by unfettered will.

Closer, closer, closer let us draw,
Knit by liberty and law,
Severed nor by sea nor zone,
Loyal to one King, one Throne,
With Imperial Flag unfurled,
Proffering peace to all the world.

This was sung by the Albert Hall choir.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Eye-Strain



Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

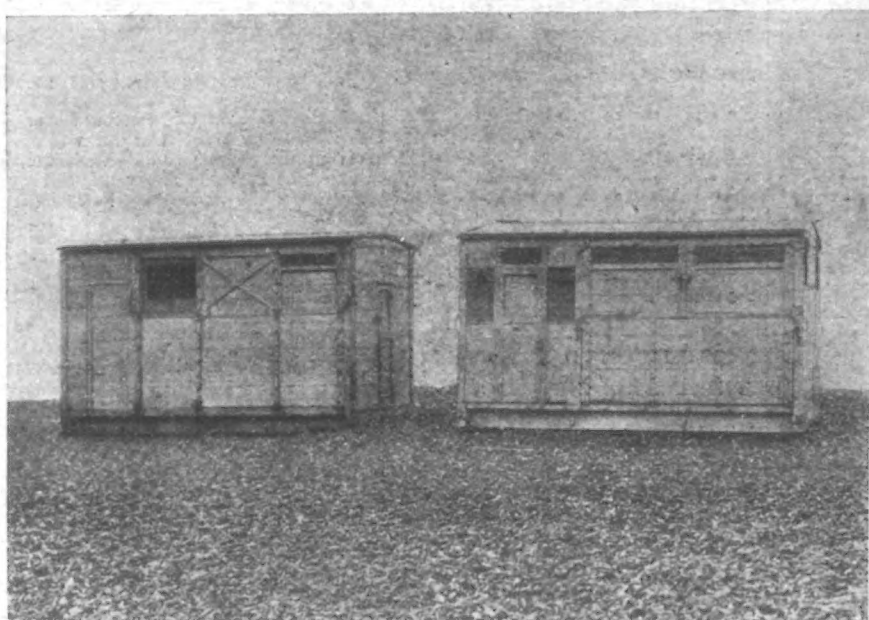


Photo, W. H. Wood & Son.
The World of Chess: Dr. Lasker, who has won the World's Chess Championship.

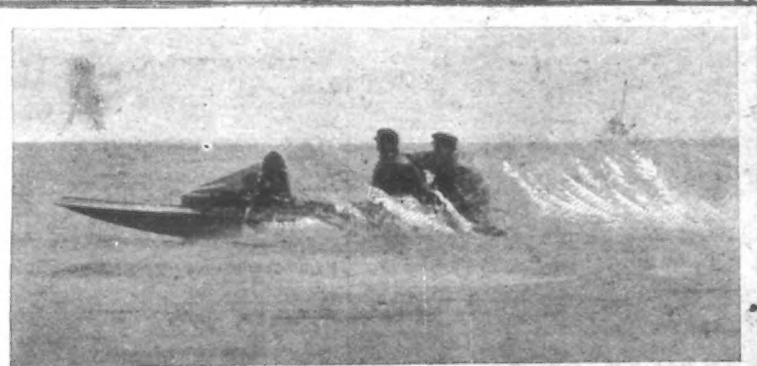
PICTURES & PEOPLE of INTEREST



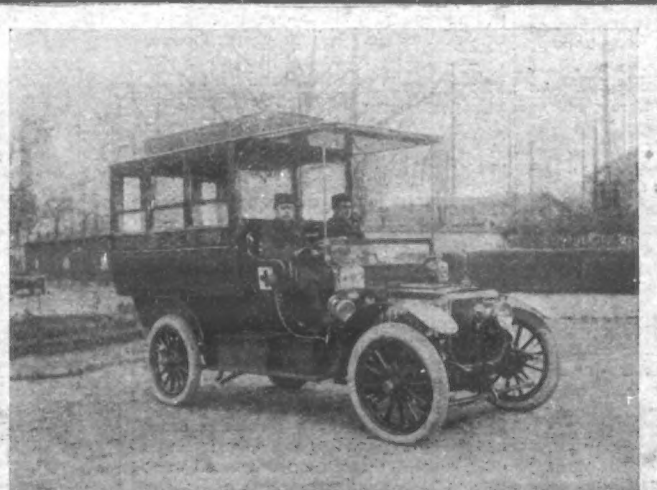
The Colonial Conference: A snapshot of Dr. Jamieson, of South African "raid" fame.



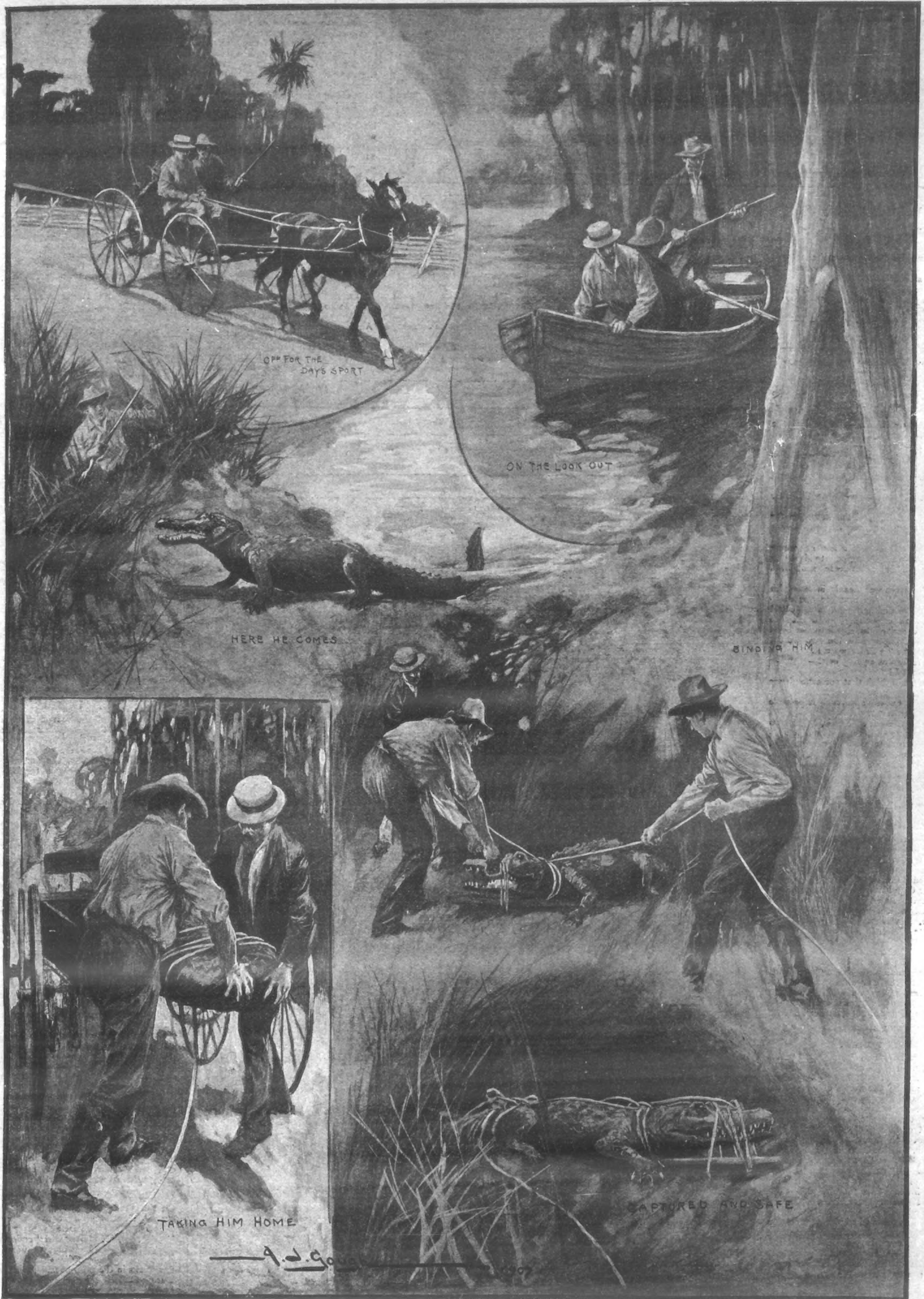
Photo, Miss. Bureau.
WIDELY DIFFERENT BUILDINGS AT BUNGALOW TOWN, SHOREHAM.
The owners of bungalows in this curious town have been paying about £4 a year rent for land, but are now threatened with eviction if they do not pay £200 to £250 for the freehold.



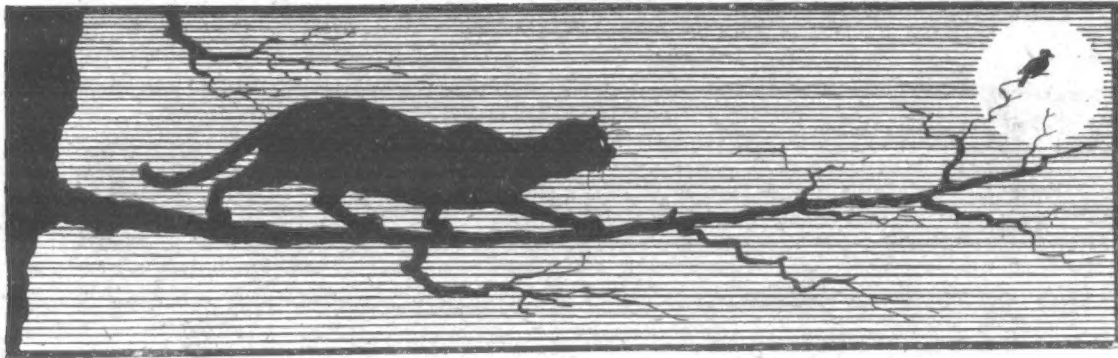
Photo, Miss. Bureau.
TEN KILOMETERS IN 18 MIN. 24 SEC.
The hydroplane Nautilus winning its race at Monte Carlo in remarkable time. Our photo shows it travelling at full speed.



Comfort for the Injured: The new French military motor ambulance, which will hold eight seated and four lying down.



AN ALLIGATOR HUNT IN FLORIDA.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

BRONZED by foreign suns, he entered the office of his colleague, but the cashier's chair was vacant.

"Is Mr. Jones out?" he asked anxiously. "I am an old friend of his." "No, sir," returned the clerk. "Mr. Jones is not out. He won't be out for ten years."

Here the clerk smiled grimly. "The firm is out, though," he went on, "fifteen thousand pounds exactly."

Brief, but to the Point.

A young fellow at college wrote to his uncle, on whom he entirely depended—

"My dear Uncle,—Ready for the needful.—Your affectionate Nephew."

The uncle replied—
"My dear Nephew,—The needful is not ready.—Your affectionate Uncle."

It is pleasant that affection should survive pecuniary embarrassments, as it did in the case of Samuel Foote's mother and himself—

"My dear Sam,—I am in prison for debt: come and assist your loving mother, E. Foote."

"Dear Mother,—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, Sam Foote."

A nobleman was deeply in love with a "lady fair." He met her one evening at a crowded ball, and, as he could not get an opportunity of talking to her, he contrived to slip into her hand a piece of paper, with the two words, "Will you?" written upon it.

The reply was equally brief—
"Won't I!"

One would think that correspondence could scarcely be made more laconic than this; but the apparently impossible has been achieved.

Brother Smith, of Leeds, anxious to learn any news his friend and fellow-Quaker, Brother Brown, of Sheffield, might have to communicate, sent him a quarto sheet, with a point of interrogation inscribed in the centre. Brother Brown replied by sending a similar sheet on which nothing whatever appeared!—*Tit-Bits.*

An Orpulent Viceroy.

As is well known, collecting Babuisms was one of the late Lady Curzon's hobbies in India. Perhaps the choicest specimen addressed to Lord Curzon occurred in a petition which began: "Your Orpulent and Predominant Excellency." In a letter a Babu spoke of his attainments: "As to my scholastic calibre, I was recently ejected from Calcutta University. I am now masticating."

An Indian station-master, having been annoyed by a certain female milk-hawker, addressed the following remonstrance to her employer: "Honoured Sir,—I beg you will remove your handmaiden of milk, as she is not good fellow, and we can not stand her cheeks."—*The Reader.*

How It was Done.

"Isn't it extraordinary, Mr. Stubbs, how Mr. Simpkins can always be dressed in the last tip-top fashion? Don't you and I, and all the world, know that old Allen has a mortgage on his house, and that he never has a sovereign by him longer than five minutes at a time? Isn't it extraordinary, Mr. Stubbs?"

"Not at all, not at all, my dear," said Mr. Stubbs, knocking the ash from his Havana. "To an editor all things are possible," and he unfolded the damp sheets of the *Family Gazette*, of which Mr. Simpkins was editor, and commenced reading aloud the following paragraph—

"We yesterday had the gratification of visiting the celebrated establishment of the far-famed Inman and Co., hatters, No. 172, Widenway. We pronounce their new style of spring hat, for lightness, beauty, and durability, to be unrivalled; it is aptly designated the 'Count d'Orsay Hat.' The gentlemanly and enterprising proprietors of the establishment are unwearied in their endeavours to please the public. There is

an air of distinction about their hats which can be found nowhere else in the city."

"Well, I don't see," said Mrs. Stubbs, "I—"

"Sh, sh, Mrs. Stubbs! Don't interrupt the Court. Here's another—"

"Everyone should visit the extensive warerooms of Wellcutt and Co, tailors, 59, Prince Albert Street. There is a science wagging in the very tails of Mr. Wellcutt's coats; in fact, he may be said to be the only tailor who is a

thorough artist. His pantaloons are the knee plus ultra of sheardom. Mr. Wellcutt has evidently made the anatomy of masculinity his study, hence the admirable result. The most casual observer, on noticing Mr. Wellcutt's fine phrenological development, will at once negative the possibility of his making a mistake in broadcloth."

"Keep quiet, Mrs. Stubbs; listen."

"The St. Lucifer Hotel is a palatial wonder, whether we consider the number of acres it covers, the splendour of

its marble exterior, the sumptuousness of its drawing-rooms, or more than Oriental luxuriousness of its sleeping apartments, the tapestry, mirrors and gilding of which remind one forcibly of the far-famed Tuileries. The host of St. Lucifer is an Apollo in person, a Chesterfield in manner, and a Lucullus in taste; while those white-armed visions, the female waiters, lap the soul in Elysium."

Mr. Stubbs lifted his spectacles to his forehead, crossed his legs, and nodded knowingly to Mrs. Stubbs.

"That's the way it's done, Mrs. Stubbs. The last notice paid his six months' hotel bill at the St. Lucifer, including wine, cigars, and other little editorial perquisites."—*Tit-Bits.*

An American on a visit to London took 'bus to the City every morning, where he had business to do with an Anglo-American firm. He always sat behind the driver. On the first journey he noticed that on arriving at a certain corner the driver took out his big silver watch, dangled it two and fro a few times, and winked jovially at an individual who stood at the door of a shop.

"Why do you do that?" the American asked.

"Well," said the driver, taking his pipe from his mouth, "that's a little joke we 'as between us, bein' as we are, old friends. You see, his father was 'anged."

SUSPENSE!



HORRIBLE POSITION OF THREE BRAVE OFFICERS ON THE TRACK OF ANARCHISTS.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

MR. W. J. LOCKE, whose fantastic comedy, "The Palace of Puck," is delighting audiences at the Haymarket Theatre, is (says the *Reader*) a most remarkable man to view. Rather exceptionally tall, and of slender build, he has strongly marked, legal-looking features (of the kind that lady-novelists call "chiselled") and singularly fair hair; pince-nez bestride his well-shaped nose, and altogether he looks more like an eminent French savant than an Englishman. And he is still young, being not much over forty. The son of an eminent citizen of Barbadoes, he imbibed some mathematics on the banks of the Cam, and afterwards became secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

"The Palace of Puck."

Mr. Louis N. Parker's play, "The Lily of France," which will be produced by Mr. Tree at His Majesty's in the near future, was written in 1905, and bore its present title from the first. Mr. Parker, says the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, has based his work upon Quicherat's edition of the almost verbatim Latin reports of Joan of Arc's trials and the subsequent "Trial for Rehabilitation," which was held twenty years after her martyrdom. At this last, all the surviving members of her family—her mother, her brothers, her playmates, Mengette and Hauvette, her comrades, Louis de Contes, and others; all who knew her, her godmothers, her parish priest, and many besides, gave evidence relating to the period of her youth, and, more especially, to her life during the two eventful and miraculous years of her military career, her trial, and death. So that one is able to obtain an almost intimate knowledge of her life, literally from day to day, often from hour to hour.

"The Lily of France."

"The Lily of France" is in five acts, entitled, respectively, "The Maid Mystic," "The Maid Marvellous," "The Maid Militant," "The Maid Triumphant," "The Maid Martyred." The first act is at Domrémy, "on the slope of a hill." The first scene of the second act is at Vaucouleurs, "the gatehouse and courtyard of the Keep," the second scene at Chinon, "the Throne Room." The third act is at Orleans, the first scene being "a stately chamber in the house of Jacques Boucher," the second "the Square without the house." The fourth act is at Rheims, outside the Cathedral. The fifth act is at Rouen, the first scene being "the Hall of Judgment," the second "the old Market." Mr. Tree will appear in the part of the King, Miss Viola Tree in that of Joan.

Five Strong Acts.

Half a decade ago, all scientific London flocked to the Alhambra to witness the remarkable microscopic revelations of unseen life—the well-nigh invisible mites and midgets in our daily food—projected on the screen by the Urban Company; and on and after Monday night next the "Urbanora" number will embrace a new and startling exhibition of usually invisible animate objects which realise Swift's dictum that "A flea has smaller fleas that on him prey; and these have smaller still to bite 'em." From a disclosure of the strenuous life of harvest and cheese mites, magnified to the size of turtles, the series will extend to a convincing demonstration of the circulation of the blood in the tail of a goldfish and the action of the tongue of a blowfly taking condensed milk from a needle's point. Another new series, "In a Rand Gold Mine," will amply refute many preconceived ideas concerning coolie life in the Transvaal; whilst "The Magical Press" is a humorous set especially designed by Mr. Urban to appeal to the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate.

At the Alhambra.

On the 22nd inst. Mr. Benbrick Blanchard's short season at the Waldorf Theatre with "The Gipsy Girl" ends, and he will then take the piece on tour for a few weeks in the suburbs and provinces. During the tour the play will be entirely re-written, and will then return to the West End as a second edition—with new numbers, new dances, and fresh business.

"The Gipsy Girl."

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THE REVIVAL OF "PATIENCE; OR, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.



1. Miss Jessie Rose as Lady Angela, Miss Marie Wilson as Lady Saphir, and Miss Ruby Gray as Lady Ella; 2. Miss Jessie Rose as Lady Angela, and Mr. C. H. Workman as Reginald Bunthorne; 3. The Finale, with chorus of maidens: "Let the Merry Cymbals Sound" (Bunthorne in centre); 4. Miss Clara Dow as Patience; 5. Miss Clara Dow as Patience, Mr. C. H. Workman as Bunthorne, and Miss Louie Réné as Lady Jane.



THE "P.I.P." GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

My Garden Plans.

APRIL 22 to 28.—One's garden programme is becoming more varied week by week now, and there seems something fresh to look at each morning as due reward for the monotony of work during the earlier spring months. My rows of shallots are growing up in all their rich olive-green, like lines of soldiers, and beans and peas, so full of promise, seem to give one encouragement. I am taking every care to protect my peas from the ravages of birds by means of lines of black cotton wound backwards and forwards over light frames at the ends of the rows, and I have even stretched some strawberry-netting over my beans to save them from a neighbour's abominable pigeons. The amateur, as a rule, is not sufficiently watchful over fruit-trees just coming into blossom, and some protection should always be given where possible. The days now will probably be warm and the nights cold, and blossom ought to have protection of some kind. This is seldom practicable except in the case of wall-fruit, but there it should receive strict attention. Wisps of straw hung in front of the tree, or even loose matting, old pieces of material that the lady of the house can provide, or any similar covering, will answer the purpose, and I have heard of two or three thicknesses of netting being used. Obviously, the greatest care must be exercised not to harm the blossom. Then, again, with wall-fruit in particular, after a few days of keen, drying wind, (unless the tree be in full blossom) some watering is necessary to counteract any spring blights, whilst the act of

blossoming itself calls for moisture. I cannot advise my friends in the North or the Midlands to follow my example, but in my Surrey garden I shall be this week planting my first row of runner beans. They should be sown in double rows three inches deep, and a foot between the rows; it is a good plan, also, to sow a little bed at the end of the rows from which any blank spaces, that may afterwards appear in the rows may be filled. I am also planting further kidney beans this week, and taking away coverings from the more hardy plants and

year will do much to give complete satisfaction as the season advances.

As with everything else in the garden, so there are many methods of planting the ever-popular, always profitable runner bean. I can only tell you the plan I myself adopt, therefore, and leave you to take the hints or otherwise as you deem fit. Here again, as with peas, I am a firm believer of the trench system, which has always stood me in good stead, though I admit I have heard it criticised. Having chosen

Planting Runner Beans.



A REST IN THE TOIL OF THE DAY.

Photo. Halfpence.

things I have had protected during the winter. Perhaps I may say as a hint to all gardeners that order, neatness and method displayed at this time of the year, therefore, and stretched the garden line, I dig out a trench eighteen inches wide and of the same depth, in the bottom of which I

lay an abundance of well-rotted manure. Covering this in with well-broken soil, I earth it up into a slight mound, and then, adjusting my line down the centre, pass along with a suitable piece of wood and make holes some three inches deep and eight inches between each hole. Into each hole I then lay one bean, and when the planting has been finished, cover in the holes and level off neatly with a rake. As to the most satisfactory bean to grow, it depends upon what you pay for the seed. All bean-seed thrives up to a certain point, but if you want enormous pods you will have to go to the best-known seedsmen and pay a good price. Personally, I am this year growing Messrs. Sutton's (of Reading) Best of All and Prizewinner, both of equal merit and the finest quality. They cost 3s. 6d. per quart. Messrs. Carter, of Holborn, have a Scarlet Emperor which produces pods in the neighbourhood of fifteen inches in length, and costs 2s. 6d. per pint. Messrs. Webb, of Stourbridge, have their New Exhibition at the same price as Messrs. Sutton, while

this vegetable being grown for decoration in the garden I shall write in a later number.

If greater attention were paid to strict cleanliness, proper feeding, and regular fresh green food, we should not hear of half as many ailing birds in the chicken-run. It is quite as much a failing to overfeed fowls as not to give them sufficient, we know; but to keep them without suitable green-stuffs is to breed the germs of disease through the entire run. It is *not* sufficient to give the birds an occasional cabbage-leaf—there must be regularity and system over the matter, and vegetable food may well be given in the middle of each day. Any kind of fresh green stuff may be given—cabbage, lettuce, dandelion and clover being the best. Grass is, of course, excellent, and where possible should be given in tufts pulled straight from the ground, so that the birds may shake it and enjoy the many tasty insects to be found in the roots. Fresh lawn trimmings are very good in their way, but should be fed sparingly, and none allowed to remain in the run. The remains of grass—or, for that matter, green food of any kind—should be cleared out the moment the birds have had their fill, as decaying matter of this kind left in the run is most injurious.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

N. DECHAM.—Unless you have a really good run for the birds I do not advise you to tackle turkeys. They are most profitable under first-class circumstances, and that is the best to be said of them. Let me have further particulars, and I will reply to you again.

G. J. WALI-STEVENS.—If your bird were not of a good strain I should say kill it, for it is in a bad way. If you think it worth the expense, go to a veterinary. No expert in the world could help you without giving the bird a personal examination.

J. HUBBARD (Leicester).—What you probably saw was Pampas grass grouped with Tritoma (Red-hot Poker). The effect is singularly striking, but could only be arranged in a moderately large garden in an open situation. Pampas grass may be bought in clumps for about 1s. 6d. or 2s.; tritoma would cost you from 6d. to 2s. per plant.

P. VAUGHAN (Bristol).—By all means place your order with a nurseryman now, but it is too early yet to bed-out either dahlias or chrysanthemums. (2) Prices vary; roughly, 2s. per dozen.

G. E.—There are many flowers in blue—convolvulus, cornflower, delphiniums, lupins, aster, Michaelmas daisy, violas, etc.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct, and so far as possible by return of post. Address inquiries to me personally at the P.I.P. Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURELAND MARSHALL.



CRUSHING THE REVOLT OF THE ROUMANIAN PEASANTS.

A vedette waiting on the highway at Braila for an expected outrage by the peasants.



The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

MANY women will be glad to hear that long sleeves are coming in again, since the very newest spring coats and bodices have sleeves of the material as far as the elbow, where they are supplemented by full undersleeves of tuck net and lace, terminating in some instances in a deep point over the hand. To those who do not boast a pretty forearm this fashion will prove most welcome, though the short sleeve is too dainty a style to be altogether set aside, and later in the season it will no doubt make its appearance again in summer frocks of soft silk and muslin.

Long Sleeves.
At this period of the year, so many housewives are rearranging their different rooms or have moved into new houses that a few hints on keeping a bedroom trim and tidy may be welcome.

A Bedroom without a Cupboard.
Where there is no cupboard and space is limited, which is sometimes the case, an excellent substitute can be contrived at slight expense. Across a corner of the room a triangular board should be fixed. Place this a fair height from the ground, and have another fitted in a couple of feet below. Under this lower one place pegs for hanging dresses and coats. The upper shelf makes a good receptacle for hats, etc. On the upper board nail a curtain, open down the middle. The curtain can be made of any material desired. A very successful note is struck by a curtain of coloured or case-ment linen, the prevailing tint of the

bedroom, and it looks pretty edged with a simple ball fringe to match.

Beauty Adorned.
Fillets of tinsel and embroidered ribbon are worn threaded in and out of the hair for theatre or evening wear, and another pretty decoration is a wreath of slightly frosted roses, with a bow of gold or silver tissue. Earrings are still included among the ornaments popular for evening wear, and long pendants are, perhaps, more favoured at present than the small studs of pearl or brilliants, which, however, still hold their own for morning wear.

Gloves Useful and Ornamental.
The white and delicately hued glove, so hard to keep immaculate for more than one occasion, seems to be gradually giving way to dainty but serviceable shades of tan, brown, grey, etc.; and some new gloves are being shown in coloured kid that will vie in daring and brilliancy with the new millinery. It is predicted that such hitherto little worn colours in gloves as bright blue, rose, and purple will be conspicuous before the end of the season.

To Serve a Double Purpose.
The pinafore is a most useful style for an evening bodice. A pretty model of soft green taffetas combines well with a chemisette and sleeves of light string-coloured net finely tucked. The bodice is held in place by shoulder-straps of ribbon, and prettily trimmed with passementerie. It makes a suitable garment for the theatre, as Madame la Mode seems to have decreed that we

follow in the Continental fashion and have covered neck and arms on many occasions, when otherwise full dress might be in vogue. If required for a more elaborate function the chemisette and undersleeves can be discarded at will, and the little bodice in itself remains suitable.

Picturesque Styles.
THE season's blouses are being fashioned on very picturesque lines, and day by day sleeves are claiming more and more of the modiste's attentions. Bell-shaped over-sleeves with under-puffs look charming carried out on the lace and net models, and strappings of white or pale-coloured satin are quite a distinctive feature on all blouses of transparent materials. Insertions of wide lace, both with regular and irregular edges, comprise the trimming on many light-fabric gowns. Sometimes the edges are piped with a striped satin, such as black and white, and a contrast of this kind looks very chic on a pastel-coloured gown, and sets off the lace well.

About Your Looks.
Are you careful about your looks? If you are, you cannot help feeling annoyed if you suffer from red or rough skin, not to mention more serious skin-troubles, such as eczema. If you would like to have a handy little book of reference on the hygiene of the skin, telling you all about skin-troubles, how to cure and how to prevent them, you should send to the Antexema Company for their family handbook on "Skin-Troubles." To obtain this valuable little treatise, please mention this paper, enclose three penny stamps for Handbook, and with the handbook you will also receive a free trial of "Antexema," the doctor's remedy. Write at once to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.



ROYAL SIMPLICITY: CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT WITH HER HUSBAND AND BABY.

It is doubtful whether any Royal couple in the world have, by their charming simplicity of manner and their love for one another and their baby, gained so large a share of the affections of their people as Prince and Princess Gustaf-Adolf of Sweden. Prince Gustaf-Adolf, who is, of course, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, married Princess Margaret of Connaught in the summer of 1905. Their little son, who bears the same name as his father, was born at Stockholm, and will be one year old on the 22nd of this month. The above very charming photograph was taken quite recently.

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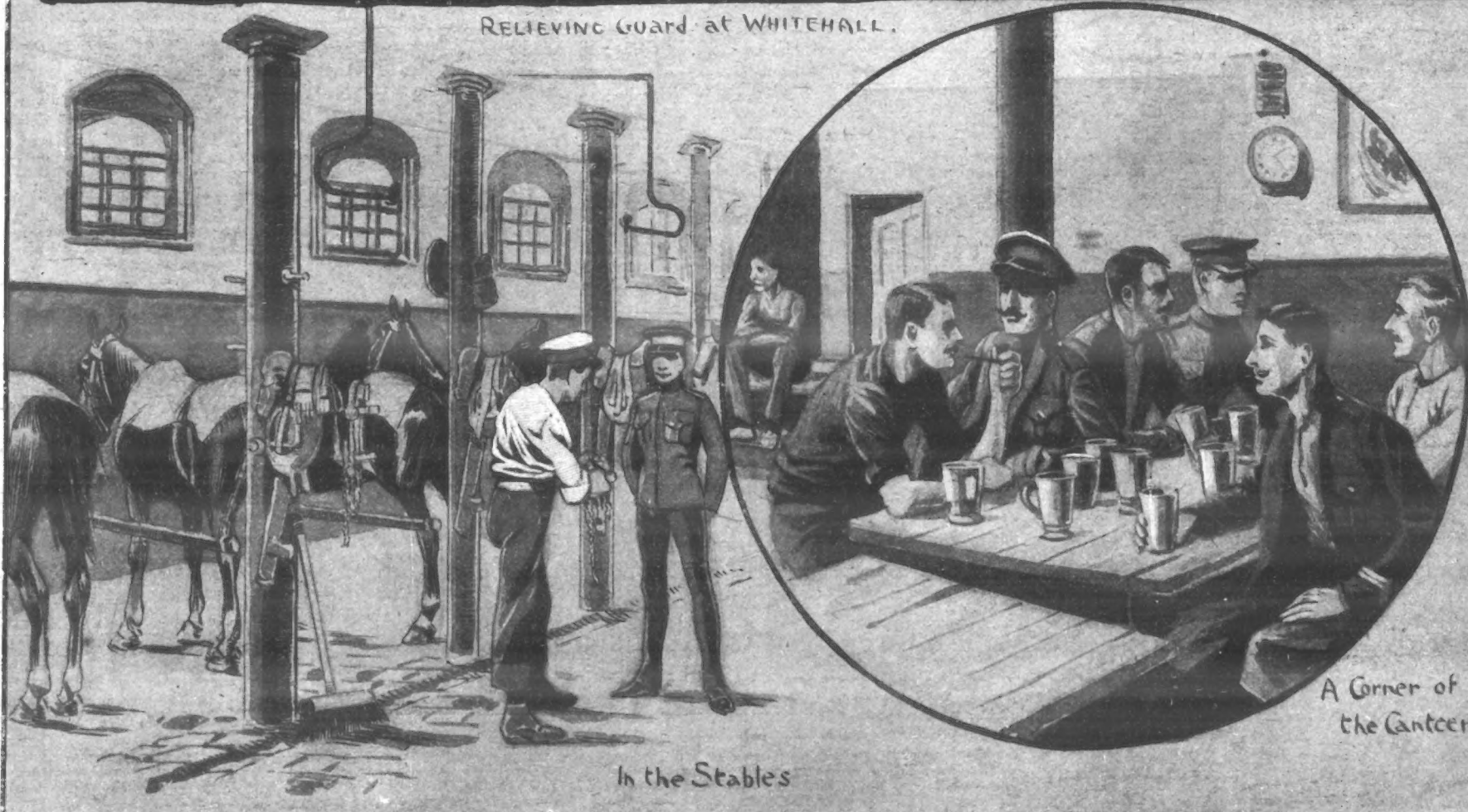
FAMOUS REGIMENTS N^o4 ROYAL HORSE GUARDS

DETTINGEN. (THE BLUES.) EGYPT.
PENINSULA. WATERLOO TEL-EL-KEDIR.

HYDE PARK BARRACKS.



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ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

The Royal Horse Guards, more popularly known as "The Blues," is one of the very oldest regiments in the service of the Crown. It was originally raised by Charles II., immediately after the Restoration, and has been distinguished by the wearing of a blue uniform ever since.

Miss Desperado.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

(Continued from page 244.)

CHAPTER X. (continued).

"I am here!" she cried, through the blinding smoke. Then felt herself clasped in Nurse Sylvain's arms.

"Diana! Diana! I came to try and save you! I could not let you die alone, you who were her best beloved friend, Marah's friend!"

Holding each other's hands they hurried towards the spiral staircase whereby Nurse Sylvain had reached her. But, to their horror, this was now ablaze—a veritable flue, up which tongues of flame were darting.

"We are both lost! Why did you

risk your life for mine?" cried Marah, wringing her hands.

And Nurse Sylvain answered—

"Because Marah loved you; and, learning that, try as I might I could not hate you, because you were her all but sister—and Marah was my child."

"Your child?"

"Yes, yes; my name is Sylvain Delahay—Marah was my daughter, and the daughter of the man whose death made you heiress here. Marah was his child and mine!"

"Your child? Oh, then I understand so much that was a mystery. Fold me to your heart and kiss me, mother. I am not Diana. It was Diana who died—Marah who lived; and, mother darling, I am Marah! I am your child!"

"Marah! You are my Marah! Oh, yes! Yes; now I too can read the mystic thrill that drew my heart to yours, my Marah! Then Heaven be praised! Even if death now comes to claim us, in death we shall not be divided."

And, locked in each other's arms,



Photo. Russell.

The Earl of Cromer, after forty-nine years' public service, has resigned his position as Consul-General of Egypt and retired into private life, to the regret of his friends and colleagues. Sir Eldon Gorst has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

their tears bedewing each other's cheeks, mother and daughter awaited their impending doom.

But there came not doom, but rescue. The window's mullioned emblazony crashed before axes plied by strong, swift, impatient hands. Strong men called to them—called brave and cheering words; two forms sprang through the window-frame and whirled them back over the sill on to the ladder.

And Marah's heart gave a wild, delirious leap, for it was the voice of Felix Wynne that called her by that other name, they were his strong arms lifting her.

"Very gently, Bob. That's right. Brave lad! Lower her into the fireman's arms, so. Thank Heaven, she's safe! And now, Nurse, we're going to lift you through; the escape's just outside the sill, with two good, brave fellows to receive you. Plucky Nurse Sylvain, you've saved her, after all!"

Which was just what everybody else was proclaiming, some in joyful shouts, though many between deep sobs of thankfulness, for the tears were coursing

down the cheeks of many women and here and there a man or two, for, short as had been the reign of the girlish lady of the manor, many had already learned to love her. Her gentle clemency towards Bob Wattle, and her strength in thwarting Harker's malice towards him, had gone swift and straight to the hearts of her tenants, her cottagers, her farm-hands, and her servants.

Matthew Jerningham's widow echoed that exclamation too, but she hissed the words "You have saved her!" with the deadly vindictiveness of a wild feline creature baulked of its prey. Eli Harker, too, whispered, with writhing lips, "Saved, after all!" in the tone of one for whom that rescue meant utter wreck.

(To be continued.)

A New and Thrilling Mystery-Story, by the celebrated Fergus Hume, will start shortly in the P.I.P.

SIMPLE-LIFERS WHO MAY HAVE TO LEAVE THEIR LITTLE WOODEN HUTS.

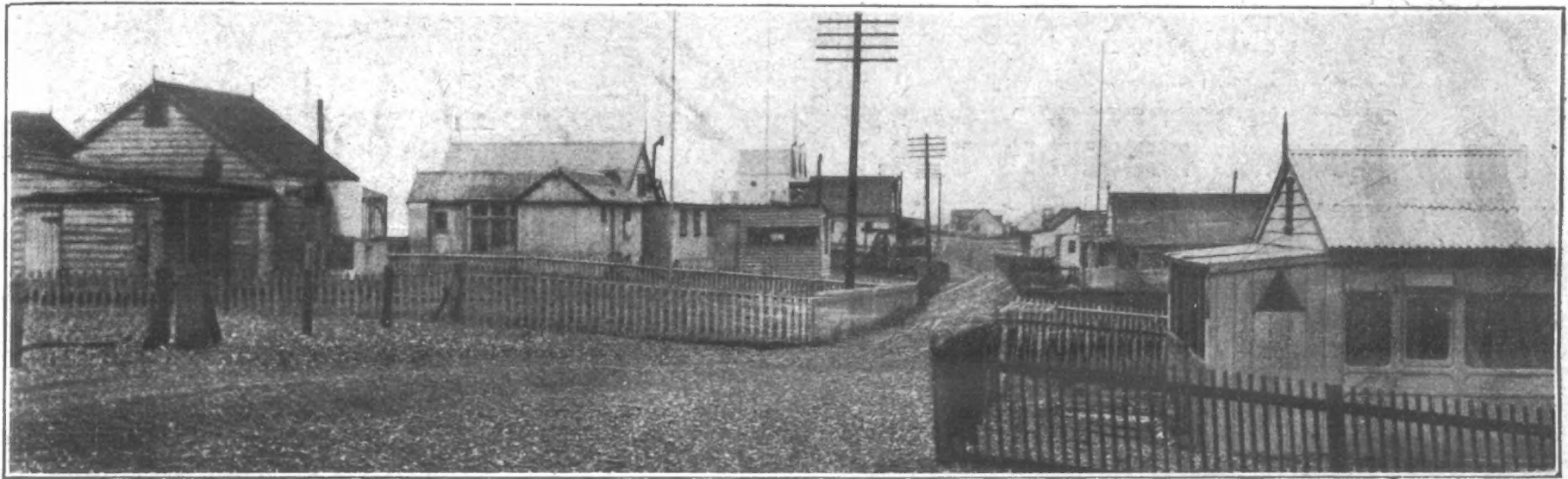


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

This favourite resort of week-enders at Shoreham is, it is stated, to be converted into a Southern Blackpool. Everything possible is to be done to attract the "tripper," the idea being to make it to London and the South what Blackpool is to the great cities in Lancashire and Yorkshire. This, possibly, means eviction to the present residents in the town of wooden houses.

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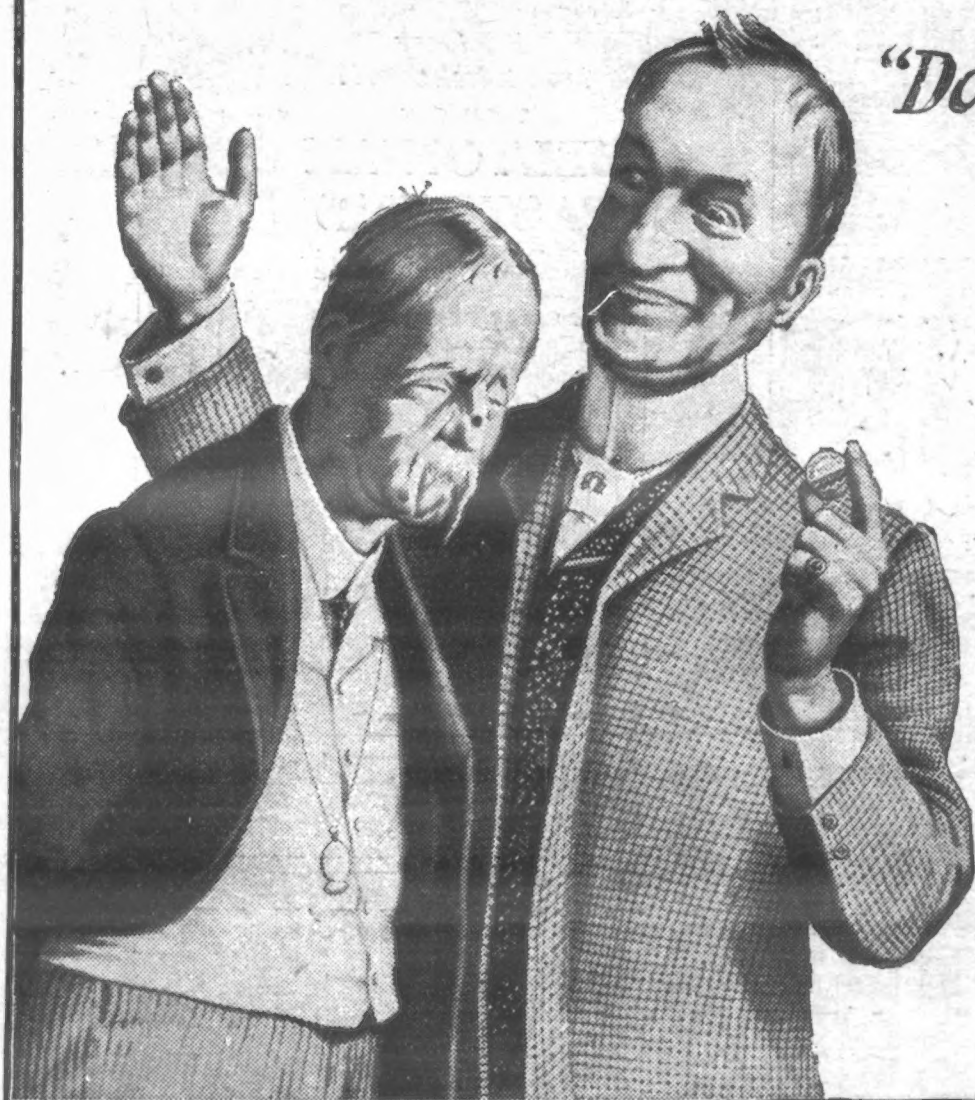
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